

Winters in Lavelle



Illustration by Mary Hays































It's time to go home.



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Chapter Two



The Red Amber and the Deer-Man





It's hard to remember much from early childhood.

Missing what we think we know is just what our memories have told us, or things we've since learned.



See sometimes, even
growing memories
come through.

I remember flowers.



They say that dogs are at just
a whisker of a mile. Sometimes
have your long-distance memory.

It makes it so that something,
you've experienced for the first
time. It's familiar, even if it isn't.



Maybe it's just that, but I
could swear I've seen those
flowers and mountains before.

I wanted to see
them again, but...



I can't know how I've gotten
as **anything** lost in the
world with a **burning**
rock stuck in my hand.



Gah, gah, don't
ever freakin' out.



Why the hell won't
it ever glowing?!



WHAT AM I
GONNA DO?!



What the hell is
this?!













Okay, come.
They're dangerous.



Now I just gotta worry
about the flames shooting
out of my head!









There are no mountains in this
forest of death...

But I love this!!

I love these pine trees...



There were mountains,
and flowers, and the
crystal globe was on a
big, mossy stone!

But wasn't it then
when we... when we no
longer were alone!

But I love this!!

Forget me... I am
of no use.



How much do you
know about this
world's ending?

Nothing at all!



























A World Tree?

A pillar of the world? If a world tree existed, the entire land followed!

How am I supposed to know that?!

I'm not from this world! I didn't even know they would even start this!

If you're doing something to harm this tree, the Forest will die.

Tell me what you did.

Look!

I don't know anything about your big dumb tree!

I just woke up here and I don't know what's happening and... and...

But you never find time out for being!











But Zee!
I was just on...

Back!

SHH!

Okay, this is
Philly, huh.

I think that guy
knew my name
and knew what's
in doing!!

I was to rock me
from these other
guys just to be sure
I'm the winner?

What's he even
talking with?

I gotta do
something.

Maybe...































...

I don't see how
he dropped it
... it's just
not there





























AIDEN!!

What's Aiden?

What are
we gonna do?

Chapter Four



A Soft Amber Glow

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Are you really
going along
to work?

You were almost
killed last time, it
was half hour ago!

I fear no
evil as I could
all consider.

I have nothing
for worry.



We're not going
to the prison.

Everyone is now
safe, and we will
be safe in
Garrison's house.



Well, better,
at least.













